



Dorilas & Sapphira.



Dorilas & Sapphira.

THE
SHRUBS of PARNASSUS
OR,
JUVINILE MUSE.

A
COLLECTION of SONGS
AND
P O E M
CHIEFLY
P A S T O R A L.

By W. HAWKINS.



L O N D O N:

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EPISTLE DEDICATORY,

T O

A CERTAIN YOUNG LADY.

DEAR MADAM,

TO whom can I address these few sheets with so much pleasure and satisfaction, as to your beauteous self, who has at once taken the sole possession of my heart, and whose charms and amiable qualities have so often filled my soul with love and adoration. Therefore, dear charmer, deign to accept of this trifle (which is published with the greatest pleasure and delight, solely at your request,

a

and

ii EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

and for your kind perusal) nor think me prone to flattery. I could wish it was more worthy your attention, but am convinced, if not from its intrinsic merit, at least for it's author's sake, you will condescend to look upon it with some little candour and respect. With these flattering hopes I take leave to subscribe myself,

Your truly affectionate and devoted

Humble servant,

WILLIAM HAWKINS.

July 30,

1776.

A D.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*Sunt bona, sunt quædam medio-ria, sunt mala plura
Quæ legis* ————— *MART. Epig. xvii. l. 1.*

THE following pages are the effusion of a youthful mind, and most of the articles herein contained have occasionally appeared in magazines and other periodical publications; and if, by selecting them together, the author should contribute towards the entertainment of the public (as well as to the lady he was in duty bound to oblige) he will think the pains he has taken amply rewarded, though, at the same time, he hopes the candid reader will not forget the following remark, that

A slender poet must have time to grow,
To spread and flourish as his brothers do;
Who still looks lean — sure with ill fate is curst,
But no man can be FALSTAFF fat at first.

DRYDEN.

* * Notwithstanding that part of the title of this book, viz. “The Shrubs of Parnassus,” is borrowed from Mr. WORTY, the author thinks it necessary to observe, that not a single line is taken or imitated from that gentleman’s works.—He hears there is a small pamphlet in being, called, “The Juvenile Muse,” which he pretends to know nothing of.

————— *Tenet insanabile multos*
Scribendi cacoethes ————— *JUV. Sat. vii. v. 51.*

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E R.

E R R A T A.

Page 4, l. 4, for *accent*, read *accents*.

Page 6, l. 2, for *cool*, read *a cool*.

Page 33, l. 8, for *leave*, read *leave me*.

Page 41, l. 6, for *do*, read *do ye*.

It is hoped the readers will excuse the above errors, and others they may occasionally meet with in the course of this work, which could not be corrected on account of the author's distance from the press.

T H E



T H E
SHRUBS OF PARNASSUS, &c.

C O L I N,
A Pastoral, on the death, and in imitation of Mr.
JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

An honest man's the noblest work of GOD. POPE.

I.

GIVE ear, O! ye swains, to my lay,
Since COLIN, alas! is no more;
Let's languish and pine all the day,
In sorrow his loss to deplore;
For he was the pride of the plain,
The garden, the grove, and the field;
But "lost is the PASTORAL strain,"
Since he no more beauties can yield.

II.

Ye warblers that bill on each spray,
Ye lambkins that ramble alone;
Come round and attend to the lay;
Then "bleat and your master bemoan."
B For

THE SHRUBS

For a tend'r good shepherd was he,
 So true and so kind to his trust;
 With mildness he liv'd, and with glee---
 A picture of all that was just.

III.

His manner how soft and serene!
 Tranquillity dwelt in his air;
 No mortal like him e'er was seen;
 No mortal with him could compare.
 For he was so gentle and kind,
 That birds cluster'd round in a throng,
 And all in full harmony join'd
 Whenever he echo'd his song.

IV.

But COLIN from us is far borne;
 No longer he sings thro' the grove;
 No longer beneath the gay thorn *
 He pours forth his sonnets of love.
 Then farewell, O! favourite bard,
 Adieu! my dear COLIN, adieu!
 Thy merit I e'er shall regard,
 To thy fame I will ever be true.

SONG.

* Mr. CUNNINGHAM used frequently to lay about in the fields, under a hedge or a tree, in which situation he wrote several pastorals.

S O N G.

I.

THAT little rogue Cupid, I vow,
 Is playing such tricks with my heart,
 I flutter—I cannot tell how,
 Yet feel the sharp pangs of his dart !
 What cruel ungenerous swain
 Could send this fond urchin to me ?
 Whose heart was a stranger to pain,
 And e'er rovd as free as a bee.

II.

But now my poor senses are gone ;
 My spirits are fled from me quite ;
 And I'm a poor maiden forlorn,
 No rest can I take day or night.
 How happy, ah ! once sure was I !
 So chearful I 'rose in the morn,
 But now am addicted to sigh
 For him that I treated with scorn.

III.

Young CORYDON must be the swain——
 None like him appears to my view ;
 He caught my fond heart on the plain——
 Ah ! shepherd, I'm wretched for you !
 O ! come, then, dear youth, and be kind ;
 No longer disdainful I'll be,
 But harbour content in my mind,
 And think upon no one but thee.

THE SHRUBS

S O N G.

I.

COME haste thee my PHILLIS I pray,
And let us repair to the grove ;
Where nightingale's chearful and gay ;
All tune their sweet accent of love,
So soft is the sound of their song
'Twill surely delight you my fair ;
Then haste thee dear charmer along.
And strait to the grove let's repair.

II.

For something I have to impart,
That labours quite hard in my breast ;
So ardent and firm is the smart,
It robs me of peace and of rest.
'Tis love, that dear passion, I swear
By all that is honest and true ;
And thou art the source of my care,
I sigh and I languish for you.

III

Then come dearest PHILLIS, I pray,
And ease all your DORILAND's pain ;
Ah ! let him be joyful and gay,
Nor longer implore you in vain.
But let honest freedom invite,
For virtue's the path I pursue !
And may happiness ev'r unite
With those that are constant and true.

THE

THE HAPPY SHEPHERD.

I.

HOW happy a Shepherd am I,
with LAURA, the pride of my heart;
I'll never once languish or sigh,
For know, she has cur'd all my smart.
She vows that she will be my wife
By all that is honest and fair;
Then I'll be her husband for life,
And never know sorrow nor care.

II.

Brother shepherds that toil on the plain,
By me take example, I pray,
Throw off all your sorrow and pain,
And ever be chearful and gay.
Then nymphs that are modest and shy,
For once hear young DAMON's advice;
The reason I tell you, for why,
As happy you'll be in a trice.

III.

Give each of your hands to your swain,
Then drive away faction and strife;
Bid adieu to all anguish and pain!
And be happy th' rest of your life.
Such is DAMON's advice, my kind fair;
Then take it most freely, I pray;
So fly from all sorrow and care,
Henceforward be merry and gay.

THE

THE HAPPY SHEPHERDESS.

I.

SINCE JOCKEY of late is so kind,
 My poor panting heart is at rest,
 Such peace and contentment I find,
 No maiden's so happy and blest.
 For sweetly my days pass away,
 With joy I attend on my sheep;
 And though they should happen to stray,
 I'll never once offer to weep.

II.

Such bliss do I find from my swain,
 For he is so bonny and gay;
 He meets me each night on the plain,
 And calls me the flower of MAY.
 He took me last week to the fair,
 And gave me a top-knot beside,
 Then kiss'd me, and call'd me his care,
 And vow'd that I should be his bride.

III.

Then tell me, ye maidens, I pray,
 How can I my JOCKEY deny,
 Who cheerfully sings thro' the day,
 And charms me whenever he's nigh.
 On the banks of the soft flowing TWEED,
 Whenever we happen to meet,
 So pleasing he plays on his reed—
 No shepherd like JOCKEY's so sweet.

DAMON

DAMON AND DOLLY.

A SONG.

I.

ONE Midsummer morn, as I stray'd thro' the
 grove,
 Young DOLLY I met by the way;
 I told her, her charms had subdu'd me with love,
 And caus'd her a while for to stay.

II

Silly DAMON, she cry'd, what would you be at?
 Your fooling give over, I pray,
 For all your fond wooing, your cooing and chat
 No longer shall make me delay.

III.

Then I press'd her hand close, saying, Can you deny
 A favour so trifling as this?
 But still she rejected and cry'd out, Oh fye!
 When I stole, unperceiv'd, a sweet kiss.

IV.

With rapture I gaz'd on her delicate charms,
 (For I could not resist it, I vow)
 Then clasping her eagerly in my fond arms---
 Said she, I must go to my cow.

Then

V.

Then strait o'er the plain together we went,
 'Till come to cool river's side,
 Where we sat ourselves down till I gain'd her
 consent
 For ever to be my true bride.

VI.

Adieu, then, ye troubles and plagues of this life !
 With DOLLY, I sure shall be blest ;
 Kind Providence means for to make her my wife,
 And lull all our cares into rest.



THE SORROWFUL SHEPHERD.

In imitation of SHENSTONE; written at sixteen years old.

I.

AH! whither, alas! shall I fly?
 What clime shall I seek for relief?
 Since PHILLIS no longer is nigh,
 O! how shall I smother my grief.
 The sweetest, the fairest, is she——
 So neatly she trips o'er the plain;
 But now she ne'er smiles upon me,
 She's faithless——and false to her swain.

II.

With STREPHON she's gone far away——
 With him is contented and blest,
 Whilst I am distracted all day,
 And ruin'd for want of my rest.
 No heed can I take of my sheep,
 They ramble and roam as they please,
 For I can do nothing but weep
 'Till PHILLIS my sorrow doth ease.

III.

Dear nymph hear thy shepherd complain,
 Return and subdue all my care!
 No longer torment me with pain,
 For constant I am, I declare.
 Thy charms ever shall be my pride,
 Thy smiles I will ever admire;
 Then deign you to be but my bride,
 And satisfy all my desire.

ON SPRING AND SHEPHERDS BLISS.

Written at fifteen years old.

I.

HOW sweet the 'fieshing gales of spring,
 Each blushing morn how gay,
 The tuneful lark begins to sing,
 As soon as dawn of day.

II.

Then next AURORA's golden ray,
 Comes glancing o'er the plains,
 To hail the warbler's plaintive lay,
 And rouse the sturdy swains.

III.

Who from their cots to toil repair,
 Regardless of all strife,
 Unknowing and unknown to care,
 Is sure the shepherds life,

IV.

He toils, he carols all the day,
 At eve then home he bends,
 Charm'd with birds on every spray;
 As to his cottage tends.

V.

His cottage teems with infants dear,
 That's wholesome, clean and neat,
 His wife, his bed, his all is there,
 To make his joys compleat.

With

VI.

With these he fits a welcome guest,
 So happy and so gay,
 'Till twilight point the hour of rest,
 Then they its call obey.



THE LINNET.

Written at thirteen years old.

I.

As passing by a wood and grove,
 I heard a linnet sing,
 Whose sweetly plaintive voice of love,
 Proclaim'd the chearful spring.

II.

His pretty accent seem'd to flow,
 As if he knew no pain,
 His downy throat he tun'd so sweet,
 It echo'd o'er the plain.

III.

Ah! happy warbler I reply'd,
 Contented thus to be,
 'Tis only harmony and love;
 Can be compar'd to thee.

IV.

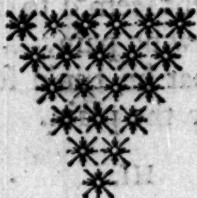
Thus perch'd upon the spray ye stand,
 The monarch of the shade,
 And ever sip embrosial sweets,
 That glows from ev'ry glade.

V.

Did man possess but half thy bliss,
 How joyful might he be,
 But man was never form'd for this,
 'Tis only joys for thee.

VI.

Then farewell pretty bird I said,
 Pursue thy plaintive tale,
 And let thy tuneful accent spread;
 All o'er the fragrant vale.



AN EXTEMPORE.

I.

AS wand'ring in a rural shade,
 My soul quite rapt in thought,
 I chanc'd to meet the lovely maid,
 Who my fond heart had caught,

II.

I gaz'd I view'd her with delight,
 And told my love-sick tale,
 But ah! the maid was in a fright,
 And bid me quit the vale.

III.

But I more tenderly reply'd,
 How can I leave the grove,
 Whilst here such matchless charms reside,
 That I adore and love.

IV.

But all in vain I told my tale,
 In vain I strove to please,
 For all my sighs, could not prevail;
 Nor this fair maid appease.

V.

Some other swain there was in view,
 She said, she lik'd the best,
 And vow'd to him she would prove true;
 With him her heart should rest.

Then

VI.

Then strait I left the cruel fair,
 And fled along the plain,
 Regardless of her flirting air,
 And all her cold disdain.

VII.

And now some other nymph I'll find,
 Endow'd with lovely charms,
 And try if she will prove more kind,
 And take me to her arms.

VIII-

Adieu! farewell, then fickle maid,
 Adieu! for ever more,
 No more I'll strive to seek thy aid;
 No more thy smiles implore.



TO FLAVIA.

Written on Birling-Hill in Kent, at fourteen years old.

I.

LOVELY FLAVIA, list I pray,
To yon warbler on the spray,
Hear my fair his matin tale,
Charming as the vernal gale.

II.

View the fields all smiling round,
See the flow'ets deck the ground,
And the pretty lambkins play,
While the ewes are gone astray.

III.

See the shepherd pensive sit,
Making of a home spun net,
With his bottle by his side,
And his little dog call'd Tide.

IV.

How contented is his state,
He envy's not the rich and great,
Free from sorrows, free from pain,
Is the shepherd on the plain.

V.

Except his DAPHNE proves unkind,
Then discontented is his mind,
'Till she resolves to prove more true,
Then all his cares she doth subdue.

CORYDON'S COMPLAINT,
To LUCINDA.

Written at fifteen years old.

I.

WHY LUCINDA will you stray,
From your ever constant swain,
Who with anguish all the day,
Sits repining on the plain.

II.

Turn fair maid, and view me here,
Pensive sitting on the ground,
Drooping, dying, with despair,
Gazing on the fields around.

III.

When I view the pasture mead,
How the lambkins skip and play,
Shepherd's tune their oaten reed,
And each bird his plaintive lay.

IV.

But what t' CORYDON are these,
When LUCINDA is not near,
Nought my sight can ever please,
Nor sweet sounds will charm mine ear.

V.

Listen fair one to my grief,
Take compassion on your swain,
View him pleading for relief,
Cease for ever all his pain.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

GENTLE is my dear FLORELLA,
Kind and tender to her swain,
Brighter sure then e'er was STELLA,
Sweetest nymph of all the plain.

II.

Soft and pure are sure her kisses,
Fragrance breathes thro' all her charms,
She's the source of endless blisses,
When I clasp her in my arms.

III.

STELLA, thinks, that she's more pleasing,
O ! the vain ambitious fair ;
She her swain is always teasing,
But FLORELLA, sooths my care.

IV.

All her ways are so inviting,
Ever giving fresh delights,
Never pleas'd but when delighting,
Crowns with peace my days and nights.



THE SHRUBS

THE WISH.

A SONG.

Written at fifteen years old.

I.

“WAS I a shepherd’s maid to keep”
Some sheep upon the plain,
I now had never known to weep,
Nor felt ambition’s pain.

II.

But pure contentment should enjoy,
(Unheedful of the great)
Nor thus my hopes at once destroy,
By pride’s destructive state.

III.

Auspicious stars—subdue my care,
And guide me in thy ways,
Nor thus let vanity ensnare,
But happy make my days.

IV.

Teach me humility and love,
And ever give me peace;
O! may I learn no more to rove,
But from these foibles cease.

DAMON

DAMON AND LAURA.

A DIALOGUE.

DAMON.

AH! dearest LAURA, ease my pain,
Cease your DAMON's anguish;
Let me no longer sue in vain,
No long'r let me languish.

LAURA.

Yes, DAMON, I will ease your pain,
Since I do cause your smart;
Then take, at once, my gentle swain,
My hand and faithful heart.

DAMON.

Then strait to church let us repair,
And join both hearts in one,
We'll bid adieu to future care,
And taste of joys alone.

BOTH.

Then we th' happiest pair will be
That e'er our state possess;
Happier far than monarchs, we,
Let them be e'er so blest.

A SONNET.

I.

LITTLE CUPID! strike a dart
 Stedfast at fair DAPHNE's heart;
 Make her glow with fond desire;
 Fill her soul with am'rous fire.

II.

Charm her with thy soft persuasion;
 Make her melt at DAMON's name;
 Give, O! give, one kind occasion
 To reward my ardent flame.

III.

Strive to make us blest for ever,
 In a peaceful, humble state,
 Let ambition move us never,
 It is for the rich and great.

IV.

Give us only decent substance,
 With a little cleanly cot,
 There to live without reluctance,
 May this ever be our lot.



SONG.

S O N G.

I.

YE gods! how happy once was I?
 No mortal e'er so blest,
 'Till cruel JENNY caught my heart,
 And rob'd me of my rest.

II.

A form so lovely and divine,
 I could not but admire;
 But ah! the sweet, the cruel she
 Has set my soul on fire.

III.

Come then, thou soft endearing fair,
 And hear thy slave complain;
 Unlock his mind, subdue his care,
 And take away the chain.



THE SHRUBS

SOLILOQUY OF A SPRING MORNING.

By a Friend.

I.

HOW fresh the air! How fair each scene!
How full of sweets each field!
What balmy odours breathe around!
What lays the warblers yield!

II.

With what enchantment I review
AURORA's early ray,
That calls up nature's offspring all
To hail the fragrant MAY.

III.

Transported o'er the mead I walk,
Or cross the verdant lawn,
Pursue the winding streamlet's course,
And mark the vernal dawn.

IV.

Devote my song to Him on high,
From whom those beauties spring,
And with extatic raptures cry,
My GOD is nature's king!

S A W.

OF PARNASSUS.

S A W N E Y.

A SCOTCH SONG.

Set to music by Mr. French.

I.

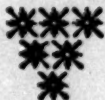
SURE SAWNEY is the blythest swain
Of all around the TWEED,
He tends the sheep upon the plain,
And tunes his oaten reed.
He tends, &c.

II.

He calls me his dear life and care,
And his own MOGGY too;
He vows by all that's good and fair,
To me he will prove true.
He vows, &c.

III.

So SAWNEY is a worthy swain,
And I'll be SAWNEY's wife,
Then bid adieu to care and pain,
And so be blest for life.
Then bid, &c.



SON.

THE SHRUBS

SONNATA.

I.

SWEET CLARISSA of the Green,
Lovely as the CYPRIAN queen,
Ever blooming, young and gay,
Charming as the fragrant MAY.

II.

Young LIONEL's constant care,
Thou art fure, my charming fair;
All his joys in thee abound,
All his life in thee is found.

III.

Then to church let us be gone,
There unite both hearts in one;
So, CLARISSA, do not stay,
But to church let's haste away.



OF PARNASSUS.

25

TO DELIA.

I.

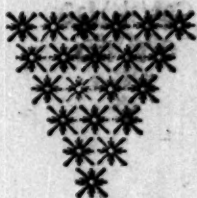
MY Muse inspire me to impart,
In humble ardent strain,
To tell the anguish of my heart,
To her that caus'd my pain.

II.

DELIA is the lovely maid;
Alas! thou charming fair,
Behold fond DAMON seeks thy aid,
To ease his pain and care.

III.

For thou alone can give relief,
Or anguish most severe,
Thy rapt'rous charms are all my grief,
Until you prove sincere.



E

SONG.

S O N G.

*Intended to be sung under JESSICA's window, in the
Merchant of Venice, by LORENZO.*

LIST! O list! My JESSEY, fair,
To LORENZO's call I pray,
Cease, ah! cease, thy lover's care,
Gentle JESSEY, come away!

Then to some sequester'd shade
Let us fly, my charming maid;
There with honesty enjoy
Such sweet bliss as ne'er can cloy;
Then, my fair, no longer stay,
Gentle JESSEY—haste away.



SON-

S O N N E T.

By a Friend.

I.

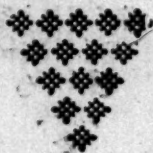
CUPID, god of soft desire !
 Aim, at STELLA's breast, a dart ;
 Kindle there thy am'rous fire,
 Such as glows round STREPHON's heart.

II.

When I sigh, oh ! make her languish !
 When my bosom's calm'd with peace,
 Far be from her ev'ry anguish,
 Joy sit smiling on her face.

III.

Thus each bliss and care dividing,
 Blest and happy with our lot,
 Nought of pomp or state residing
 In our peaceful humble cot,



S O N G.

Designed for an Opera.

I.

BLOW soft, ye winds! ye Zephyrs blow!
 Ye crystal streams, ah! gently flow!
 Ye fragrant gales perfume around,
 While beauty decks the verdant ground.

II.

For here CLARINDA's lull'd to rest,
 (The darling pride of all the plain)
 But ah! she scorns to make me blest;
 With scorn she shuns her constant swain.

III.

Waft to her ears, kind CUPID, pray,
 A soft and tender sigh from me;
 O! bid her rise whilst here I stay,
 And set her faithful captive free.



THE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN.

A SONG.

Written at fourteen years old.

WITH hunting what sports can compare,
 So great are the pleasures it yields,
 How sweet to pursue the brisk hare,
 O'er vallies, green meadows and fields.
 Then rouse, all dull mortals, and make no delay,
 To glorious hunting take horse and away.

C H O R U S.

Then rouse, &c.

For noble and manly's the game,
 'Tis wholesome and pleasant likewise;
 Of sports 'tis the foremost in fame;
 Then hunting we ever will prize.
 For we follow, follow, follow, and we fly
 O'er hedges and ditches, with hounds in full cry.

C H O R U S.

For we follow, &c.

At eve we return from the chace,
 Quite chearful, contented and gay,
 When eating and drinking takes place,
 To regale o'er th' sports of the day.
 So join chorus, brave boys, for on hunting's our song,
 Where glorious pleasure and pastime belong.

F U L L C H O R U S.

So join chorus, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

ONE day o'er the green as I tript it along,
 A gentle young shepherd pass'd by,
 He tuned his pipe, and so sweet was his song,
 He made my poor heart for to sigh.

II.

He called me back to sit by him a while ;
 The swain I could scarcely deny,
 So sweetly he look'd ! and he gave me a smile
 Which caus'd me still more for to sigh.

III.

Then strait he came to me and proffer'd a kiss,
 At which I seem'd modest and shy ;
 Yet I vow in my heart I was pleas'd at this,
 Tho' he made me to flutter and sigh.

IV.

He told me he lov'd me, and something beside,
 Which I must not repeat by th' bye,
 For fear the young shepherd my conduct should
 chide,
 And make me for ever to sigh.

He

V.

He promis'd to take me next week to the fair,
And many fine things he will buy,
Both roses and ribbons to stick in my hair,
Then who'll be so shewy as I.

IV.

And if that the swain should make me his wife,
To please him all means I will try;
I'll ever be faithful and constant for life,
And virt'ous until that I die.



STREPHON AND PHOEBE.

A CANTATA.

*Intended for the Public Gardens.**Enter Strephon and Phoebe with wands in their hands.*

STREPHON.

RECITATIVE.

HAIL, lovely PHOEBE! charming maid!
 Why fly me thus? *[She avoids him.]*
 Ah! why so 'fraid?

Let me enjoy thy youthful charms,
 And clasp thee ever in those arms.
[Holding out his arms to her.]

P H O E B E.

A I R.

Away thou false swain,
 No longer in vain,
 Thus tease and perplex me I pray;
 For all your intreating
 Your whining and weeping,
 Shall never induce me to stay.
 For all, &c.

STRE-

STREPHON.

A I R.

Alas! cruel maid,
 O! let me persuade,
 Nor treat me with slight and disdain;
 Did you know my smart,
 You'd give me your heart,
 Nor keep me in anguish and pain.
 Did you know, &c.

P H Œ B E.

RECITATIVE.

Begone, false youth, fly hence and leave me,
 You only court for to deceive me;
 But thus on me you'll never prevail,
 For I'll ne'er list'n to thy flatt'ring tale.

STREPHON.

A I R.

On honour fair maid
 My passion is laid,
 For I mean not to deceive ye;
 So prithee don't stand,
 For here is my hand
 And heart both willing to wed ye.
 So prithee, &c.

F

P H Œ B E.

THE SHRUBS

P H Œ B E.

A I R.

Since you make proffer
 Of such an offer,
 Here is my hand and heart likewise;
 For now I believe
 You will not deceive,
 And virtue and honour I prize.
 For now, &c.

D U E T.

Thence we'll to church, and join both hearts,
 And bid adieu to former care;
 So banish from our minds all smarts,
 And ever be the happy pair.
 Thence we'll, &c.

C H O R U S

OF SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES.

May health and wealth both crown your wishes,
 When the nuptial knot is tied;
 May peace and plenty—endless riches,
 Ever in your reach reside.

D U E T.

D U E T II.

May health and wealth both crown our wishes,
When the nuptial knot is tied ;
May peace and plenty——endless riches,
Ever in our reach reside.

C H O R U S.

May health, &c.

[*Exeunt.*



F 2

DAMON

DAMON AND AMANDA.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

AS fair AMANDA pensive lay,
 In a shady green retreat,
 Young DAMON chanc'd to come that way,
 Tuning of his lute most sweet.
 "Hark, hark!" she cry'd, "what's this I hear?"
 "Sure PARADISE is round me;
 "Or some bewitching charmer's near,
 "With music to confound me."

A I R.

"Tune on, tune on, whoe'er thou art,
 "While I the heav'nly joys impart."
 ('Twas thus the sweet AMANDA cry'd.)
 Mean time the swain, inspir'd, stood mute,
 Then eagerly threw down his lute,
 And thus, in vocal lays, reply'd.

A I R.

"Oh! thou, whose lovely charms out-shine
 "The sun's enamour'd ray,
 "Would gracious heav'n but make thee mine,
 "(Thou sweetest flow'r of MAY!)
 "Not

“ Not all the outward gems or shew,
“ Bedeck’d with pride or art,
“ Should make me from my fair-one go,
“ So constant is my heart.”

RECITATIVE.

Then strait AMANDA, turning round,
View’d DAMON kneeling on the ground,
At which she started with surprize,
While he exclaim’d, “ Sweet maid, arise,
“ For ah ! I come to sooth your care.
“ Then deign to set your captive free ;
“ Behold I come for to declare,
“ A flame that only burns for thee.”
Then to each other’s arms they sprung,
And thus the youthful lovers sung.

DUET.

“ Oh ! DAMON, how shall I impart
“ The joy this meeting gives my heart ;
“ Some angel sure, or friend to rest,
“ Has sent you here to make me blest.”

“ Oh ! sweet AMANDA, dearest maid,
“ Thou dost my heart and soul invade ;
“ For all my bliss I own in thee,
“ Then may we ever happy be.”

DELIA.

THE SHRUBS

D E L I A.

A CANTATA.

*Written at fifteen years old.*SCENE, a GROVE. DELIA *sitting pensive on a bench.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Y^E myrtle groves and shady bowers,
 Sequester'd vales and vernal flowers;
 What bliss should I receive from thee,
 Could'st thou restore but ease to me.
[Soft music plays.]

A I R.

Gentle god of fond desire,
 Take a hapless maiden's part,
 Some relief to me inspire,
 To subdue my constant heart.
[Rises and comes forward.]

R E C I T A T I V E.

Cruel tyrant of my breast,
 Sole disturber of my rest,
 Turn, ah! turn, and ease my pain,
 Nor let thy DELIA sue in vain.

A I R.

A I R.

But on man there's no depending,
For their vows are soon forgot;
Then what torments—never ending,
Is the gen'rous maiden's lot.

Yet DAMON urge not my request,
Ease at once my raging pain;
Ah! make thy faithful DELIA blest,
Take her to thy arms again.



THE

THE SHRUBS

THE FORSAKEN MAID.

A CANTATA.

Written at thirteen years old.

RECITATIVE

AH! whither shall I fly to find relief?
 Is there no cure for wretchedness and grief?
 My dearest THOMAS—he has prov'd untrue,
 And what, alas! must hapless SALLY do?
 Fool that I was to trust perfidious man,
 Whose false dissembling love our hearts trapan;
 Ah! then they leave us in a wretched state.
 Ye nymphs take warning ere it is too late.

A I R.

How severe is my affliction,
 Thus to wander in despair;
 Gods! give ear to my direction;
 Cease, ye pow'rs, a maiden's care.
 Did the youth know how I languish,
 He would sure give me relief;
 Turn again and ease my anguish,
 Succour my distress and grief.

The above little piece had the honor of being presented to the late Earl of CHESTERFIELD, who admir'd it for its author's early genius and simplicity, as he was pleased to say.

THE

THE SANDMAN.

A CANTATA.

Written at fourteen years old.

Set to music by Mr. THOMAS SMART.

RECITATIVE.

I AM a poor lad, and mean's my calling,
From morn till night I am a bawling;
Thro' streets, thro' lanes and squares I pass;
My treasure all on one poor ass.
My constant theme where'er I go;
Is, " Maids do want sand? Sand ho!"

A I R.

Tho' I'm a poor sandman, I care not a jot
For all the fine folks in the nation:
While I can get money to buy a full pot,
I'm the happiest man in my station.
I'm the happiest man in my station.
What's riches or treasure,
Or all the gay pleasure,
Where happiness does not unite?
'Tis nought but a juggle;
A mere hubble bubble
Of pain and perplexity quite.
Of pain and perplexity quite.

G

R E-

THE SHRUBS

RECITATIVE.

Now my song's done, a tale I'll tell,
 Which sure will please you all full well.
 One day, as passing thro' the street,
 I black-ey'd SUSAN chanc'd to meet.
 Ah! dearest SAM, to me she cry'd,
 When shall I be thy own true bride?
 Faith SUE, quoth I, I rather tarry,
 For hang me if I think to marry.
 She call'd me then ungrateful wretch,
 And said the devil would me fetch;
 But for all this I did not care,
 I drove away and left her there!

A I R.

For who in their wits would be plagu'd with a wife!
 To be teaz'd and tormented for ever;
 They'll rid you as fast as they can of your life;
 And are not contented,——no, never,
 No, no!
 And are not contented——no, never.
 They're such a disaster,
 They stick like a plaister
 That's fasten'd upon a man's back;
 And what is still worse,
 Ah! that is the curse,
 They have such a confounded clack!

Clack,

Clack, clack, clack, oh! lack, oh! lack!
They have such a confounded clack!
Then since this is the case of having a wife,
Let me ever, ye gods! live a single life,
Live a single life, live a single life!

The reader will, in all probability, find many poetical errors in most of the preceding Cantatas, &c. but as they were wrote at a very early period of life. (and solely calculated for music) the author humbly hopes they will be deemed pardonable.

Note, The above is inserted exactly as it is set to music.



E L E G Y.

*Written at Colchester.**Addressed to Miss K——N.*

——Scribere jussit amor. OVID, Epist. iv. v. 19.

I.

I Ask'd the muse that rules the sounding lyre,
 To wreathe my temples with one sprig of bays;
 Some lofty subject to my soul inspire,
 Some lofty subject in heroic lays.

II.

But VENUS came, the soft enchanting fair,
 I saw her glancing from her native sky,
 Loose flow'd her shining tresses in the air,
 And love's own lustre trembled from her eye.

III.

She bade me chuse a less ambitious strain,
 And shew'd the image of a smiling maid;
 Let DELIA's praises echo to the plain,
 To ev'ry murm'ring stream and ev'ry shade.

IV.

O! ruthless goddess! am I doom'd to bow
 Again to love's soft empire and to thee?
 Wilt thou no respite to my pangs allow,
 No destin'd moment must this heart be free?
 Yet

V.

Yet not for this I pass'd the sounding main,
 Yet not for this I fought a distant shore;
 Thy captive then, exulting, left his chain,
 And scorn'd that pow'r which gods and men adore.

VI.

But well thou hast aveng'd thy slighted pride,
 I feel thee now resistless in my veins;
 In vain would science soothe and wisdom hide,
 Thy triumphs, goddess, and thy suppliant's pains.

VII.

Thee, DELIA, thee, by ev'ry murm'ring stream,
 Or thicket rude, unprest by human feet,
 I sing, unheeded, to the pale moon's gleam,
 Thee, DELIA, thee, the echoing rocks repeat.

VIII.

Come, then, too fatal and too lovely fair!
 Come seek these groves, and ease a wretch's toil;
 One look from thee can mitigate despair,
 And bid all nature with thy lover smile.

IX.

Nor thou despise the shepherd's artless tale;
 He leads fair truth and innocence along;
 Because she sings in some sequester'd vale,
 Are there no charms in Philomela's song.

X.

O! might thy lover hope to win thy praise,
 His soul should kindle with a nobler flame;
 This hand should seize the blood-besprinkled bays
 Which conquest snatches from the shrines of fame.
 Place

XI.

Place me where raging slaughter's crimson wheels
 O'er gasping ranks of bleeding warriors roar,
 And if my foul one thought of danger feels,
 O never, DELIA, may I see thee more.

XII.

Nor deem, because I loiter in the shade,
 I bear a breast unequal in the deed;
 I hear the blasts of terror undismay'd,
 Tho' pleas'd I listen to the rural reed.

XIII.

For I was nurs'd in virtue's rigid lore,
 Nor will the goddess disavow my claim;
 She bade my steps the arduous path explore,
 Where sacred honour points the way to fame.

XIV.

But now far other cares distract my soul,
 Joyless the lawrel wreaths of fame I see;
 In vain her animating thunders roll,
 If with her blasts she mix no notes of thee.

XV.

Then listen, DELIA, to a swain undone,
 Ah! hear a slave condemn'd—thy chains to wear,
 So may thy days in peace glide gently on,
 Unmix'd with grief, unfullied with a tear.

XVI.

For ah! in vain thy gentle tear would flow,
 To see thy lover press an early tomb;
 Then let thy pity mitigate his woe,
 Ere sickness wither and despair consume.

Wretch

XVII.

Wretch that I am! ah! rather let me bind
Hope's dear delusive chaplet to my brows,
Let fancy paint thee to my wounded mind,
All sweetly smiling on thy lover's vows.

XVIII.

O! how I long, by arching shades o'erhung,
Where breezes sport and fountains murmur bland,
To hear the tuneful accents of thy tongue,
To press the glowing softness of thy hand.

XIX.

O! how I long to lead thee to the bowers
Where FLORA scatters all her thousand dyes,
To braid thy glossy hair with dewy flowers,
And catch the mild effulgence of thy eyes.

XX.

Thus with ideal bliss I fondly try,
Beneath the woodbine shade to soothe my pains,
But ah! too soon the lovely phantoms fly,
And stern reality alone remains.

XXI.

She bursts with thunders arm'd upon my dreams,
She tears me struggling from the woodbine shade,
She points to other groves and other streams,
But ah! she points me to no heav'nly maid.

XXII.

I come the mournful victim of despair,
Adieu, my DELIA, and my hopes of rest!
So flies the wounded deer the hunter's snare,
Yet bears the arrow in his bleeding breast.

ELEGY.

E L E G Y.

Addressed to the Lady to whom this book is dedicated.

Virtus nobillior auro.

I.

OH! great APOLLO, mighty prince of verse,
Do thou assist a feeble mortal's lays;
Whose poor attempt in song is to rehearse
And celebrate a lovely maiden's praise.

II.

Her sparkling eyes out-shine the di'mond's light
Or brighter SOL's refulgent noon-tide ray;
When they are clos'd, with me 'tis endless night;
While open, I enjoy eternal day.

III.

No rose or lilly, with her heav'nly face,
Will I endeavour vainly to compare;
Superior red and white her cheeks doth grace,
Than the most blooming flowers ever wear.

IV.

The beauties of her matchless shape and mein,
Thro' the cold breast of age darts am'rous fire;
Brighter than HELEN, or the CYPRIAN queen,
Is lovely B——, the whole of my desire.

Now

V.

Now to sublimer heights, my muse, arise,
Inspire more lofty numbers now to tell
The intellectuals of the maid I prize,
The hidden charms which in her bosom dwell.

VI.

No sudden rush of unsubstantial joys
The settled peace of her calm mind molests;
No heavy weight of grief too much annoys
The sweet tranquillity reigning in her breast.

VII.

Her spotless soul, from ill, ne'er knew a stain,
But is with strictest honour amply stor'd;
Virtue and truth, with their angelic train,
Compleat the nymph by all mankind ador'd.

VIII.

Would the indulgent pow'rs of heav'n decree
This fund of endless blisses for my wife,
No kings in happiness should vie with me;
Oh! how delightfully would pass my life.

IX.

My pleasures she should share—and all my woe
I'd soothe on the soft bosom of my love;
And when death came to strike the fatal blow,
Pass from a heav'n on earth to one above.

V E R S E S

To Miss BETSEY N——N.

Omnia vincit amor.

I.

WHILE others rest in balmy sleep,
And banish ev'ry care,
Into my mind thy beauties creep,
My sweet angelic fair.

II.

Then strait they drive each languid joy,
There wound each quiet thought;
My heart's the seat of beauties boy,
With all his armour fraught.

III.

Believe me, BETSY, lovely fair,
Believe thy captive swain,
Thy charms alone engross my care,
Alone can give me pain.

IV.

When round my neck with winning grace,
Thy snowy arms are thrown;
By heav'n, the dear, the kind embrace,
Bears all my reason down.

Gods !

V.

Gods ! when from thy vermillion lips,
(Where all the graces meet)
Reclin'd upon thy breast I sip
Ambrosial heav'nly sweets.

VI.

What fancy can conceive the bliss,
What language can express
Th' extatic joy, the rap'trous kiss,
The glowing warm caress.



AN EXTEMPORE.

*Addressed to a young lady that was going to be married
to a pastry-cook, lately in business for himself.*

O tempora! O mores!

I.

OH! fye Miss J-NES*, how can you think
To wed a pastry-cook?
For tho' he's got a little chink,
He scarce can read a book.

II.

A downright pigmy sure is he,
In stature very low.
Yet, by the bye, he may please thee
When rolling of his dough.

III.

But ah! dear Miss, where is your taste?
Tho' do not be too vain;
But yet I think a maid so chaste
Would shun so poor a swain.

* The name of the lady,

IV.

Altho' he's master for himself,
And keeps a little shop,
Whereby he hopes of getting pelf
By selling tarts and flop.

V.

Excuse these lines my lovely fair,
For they are meant in jest;
Then deign to soothe the author's care,
And set his heart at rest.



VERSES

V E R S E S

To Miss POLLY H—V—D, on the charms of her voice.

————— O dea certè. VIRG. Æn. i. v. 332.

I.

THY tuneful pipe, fair H—V—D, flows
Like Daulia's * in the shade;
My heart with ardent rapture glows
At thy sweet serenade.

II.

Ah! melody to thee belong,
In thee it does reside;
The sweet effluvia of thy tongue
Shall ever be my pride.

III.

EUTERPE's child, fair maid, thou art,
And sure my only care;
Thy voice it strikes like CUPID's dart!
My charming, lovely fair.

*A term for a nightingale.

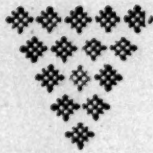
Then

IV.

Then fill thy lover's heart with bliss,
With thy enchanting strain ;
Ah ! all I ask of thee is this,
Thou pride of ev'ry swain.

V.

Then doubly tune thy plaintive tale,
And rid me of all strife ;
O ! let me on thy charms regale,
And make me blest for life.



V E R S E S

*Received from a young Lady for presenting her with
BELL's edition of SHAKESPEARE.*

GIVE me but WALLER's pen, his ease of rhyme,
Or else assist me all ye beauteous nine;
For much I wish, however plain 'tis drest,
My thoughts in simple elegance exprest;
Truth needs no disguise—no outward shew,
'Tis from the heart that sentiment doth flow;
All this you know, and better can explain,
But, female like, you see I must be vain.
I'll say no more—you will not criticise—
Your heart is honest, and your head is wise;
And gen'rous friendship can my faults excuse,
Oft as you will th' following lines peruse;
Let them my grateful thanks of tribute pay,
For sense and sentiment's convey'd in play;
And for morality—that better part,
May ev'ry sentence search into my heart;
That while I read I may the better grow,
And thank that friend who did the gift bestow.

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E

To Miss W——N, in answer to the foregoing.

*Illam, quicquid agit, quæque vestigia flectit,
Componit furtim, subsequitur que decor.*

TIBUL. Eleg. ii. l. 4. ver. 8.

YE sacred nine with ease conduct my song,
And let my numbers smoothly glide along,
To answer W——N's sweetly plaintive strain,
Which flows like Daulia's pipe upon the plain;
With ev'ry sense true gratitude is join'd,
In all the taste of elegance refin'd;
Ah! could my feeble pen but write like thee,
What joy, what rapture would then glow in me;
But feeble as it is—do, pray, excuse,
And take compassion on my tender muse;
For she is young and stubborn you must know,
And no harmonious sounds from her will flow;
Accept then, madam, these unpolish'd lays,
That's wrote to celebrate your verses praise;
But ah! they claim much better praise than mine,
The words are flowing—and the language fine,

I

Tho'

I'll say no more, for fear you should complain,
And think my simple praises somewhat vain;
Tho' flattery's a thing I most detest,
Plain dealing, madam, surely is the best;
And such, by experience, I've found to bear
The greatest sway amongst the prudent fair;
Tho' flattery to some gives much delight,
But to the prudent 'tis disgusting quite;
And sure to you it must obnoxious be,
Or to any endu'd with sense like thee;
For thou hast prudence, learning and good skill,
Sense most refin'd, and wit at your own will;
Where'er you go, by ev'ry one carest'd,
For gaudy pomp ne'er harbours in thy breast;
Nought but good-nature, gentility and ease,
In short, your company is sure to please;
Whether thou art amongst the rich and great,
Or whether 'mongst those of an humbler state;
In these extremes thou justly art admir'd,
But ah! my feeble muse at length grows tir'd;
For she, a sluggish jade, with all her arts,
Can never paint nor celebrate thy parts;
Thy virtues are extravagantly great,
Beyond a pen like mine for to relate;
And of the little gift bestow'd on thee,
May it improve—and your instructor be.

Such.

Such is my wish and such has been my aim,
 But pardon if I say——your smiles to claim;
 “Smiles, forsooth!” (methinks I hear you say)
 “Where could he quote this? surely from some play;
 “Impudence and insolence t’ th’ last degree!
 “Why did the monster send his books to me?
 “Strange fashion this; or sure he’s lost to shame;
 “’Tis all a farce---he wants to blast my fame.”
 No, madam, no; let virtue have its price,
 The books were only sent to break the ice;
 Honour and honesty ever is my guide,
 And would each Britain make it but his pride,
 England would flourish, noise and tumult cease,
 And all might live---in sweet tranquillity and peace.

W. H.

For BRITAIN’S cause——however I’ll remain,
 Then if deserving——name me for your swain.



P R O L O G U E.

Spoken on a young Gentleman's first appearance on the stage, in the character of GEORGE BARNWELL.

Maxima debetur pueris reverentia. Juv. Sat. 14, v. 47.

BEFORE this awful court—to-night appears
 A youth of tragic parts—yet full of fears;
 Bashful and young, he ventures on the stage,
 Hoping your kind attention to engage;
 BARNWELL's the theme, wherein he means to shew
 That youth's misfortunes and excessive woe;
 By which he hopes to draw a tender tear
 From you, kind auditors, who're fitting here,
 But ah! he fears that some stern wag will say,
 "That stripling sure can never BARNWELL play;
 "He has not courage, wants a bolder face
 "To act young BARNWELL—with a decent grace."
 But soft [*pauses*] I think he told me, if I'm right,
 He dreamt a dream most wonderful last night;

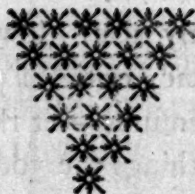
He

He thought that he was acting on the stage,
 And, in an instant, burst into a rage,
 On hearing of a critic—in the pit,
 Exclaim against him—with his nauseous wit;
 But presently he thought he was appeas'd,
 By gen'rous friendship—which to him increas'd;
 'Twas Lady DOROTHY that stood his friend,
 And with this critic did herself contend.
 For she, quite vex'd, he thought, rose up at last,
 And cry'd, "Sir critic, you condemn too fast;
 "For know that I'm a judge, and sure can tell,
 "That he's the very thing for young BARNWELL;
 "Behold his figure, action, voice and mein,
 "Gods! was there ever such a BARNWELL seen?
 "By heavens for the lad I'm all on fire!
 "For his success my heart glows with desire;
 "Then, t'oblige me, critic, I prithee stop,
 "And o'er your censures—let the curtain drop."
 On these imagin'd things the youth relies,
 For your indulgence in this enterprize;
 And he his utmost efforts means to try,
 For reasons many—and I'll tell you why!
 First, then, your praises, which he hopes t'obtain;
 Secondly, for honor, if he's not too vain;
 And lastly, for pleasure—and some little gain.

Thus

Thus I conclude, for I no more must say,
[Pulling out his watch.]
 Our time is past *—we must begin the play;
[Warning bell rings.]
 And hark! the prompter calls—I must away!

* The usual time of performance.



AN

AN E X T E M O R E.

*Addressed to Mrs. GREVILLE, on seeing her in the
Irish Widow.*

W H E N first I view'd thy lovely form, fair lady,
'Twas in character of widow Brady;
Where, I confess, you struck me with surprize,
You caught my heart, and ravish'd both my eyes.
Ah! cruel GREVILLE! thus to wound a youth,
Whose heart for you has hoarded up it's truth;
Then pray restore his injur'd fight again,
Nor let him thus bemoan his loss in vain;
O! did you know the anguish of his heart,
Some unfeign'd kindness you would sure impart;
Nor let a tender soul thus humbly sue,
Ah! dearest madam, for the charms of you.
O! give your smiles, and ever ease the pain
Of your submissive—and expiring swain.

Adieu!

L I N E S

THE SHRUBS

L I N E S

To a deceitful Friend.

——— *Absentem qui rodit amicum;
Qui non defendit alio culpante; solutos
Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis;
Fingere qui non visa potest; commissa tacere
Qui nequit; hic niger est: hunc tu, Romane, caveto.*

HOR. Sat. iv. l. i. v. 81.

Imitated by SELF——

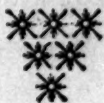
ACCURSED be he who wears a double face,
For such a man is void of ev'ry grace;
He'll promise friendship when his heart's averse,
'Till prov'd a traitor—with a traitor's curse;
Then friends and friendship he at once defies,
'Till death o'ertakes him—then most wretched dies.

On

*On Mrs. YATES's first appearance in the character of
MANDANE, in CYRUS.*

Written at twelve years of age.

YE nine harmonious maids, attune my lyre,
To paint the poet's—and the player's fire;
In YATES the excellence of both we view,
Just to herself—and to her author true;
MANDANE is my theme—ah! that's the part,
Wherein she reigns the monarch of the heart;
Her graceful action! piercing eyes and voice!
Ye Gods! how lucky was the author's choice!
To chuse such sterling merit for his queen,
And paint delight in ev'ry ardent scene;
Such skill combin'd—with scarce a single clause,
Deserves success—and ev'ry hand's applause.



*On seeing Mr. and Mrs. BARRY in the characters of
OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.*

THOU great in action—in a just degree,
OTHELLO, BARRY—SHAKESPEARE meant
for thee,

For thee alone—he wisely drew the part,
To charm the soul and melt the frozen heart;
In lovely DESDEMONA's tender strain,
Thy consort there does equal honor claim;
She shines transcendently thro' all the part,
The throng she charms—and rends the critic's heart;
O! may such merit—ever grace the stage,
And rest distinguish'd—in its latter age.



AN EPIGRAM,

*On the character of JUNO, in the burletta of the
Golden-Pippin.*

Written extempore.

WHEN 'HARA * took his pen to write,
The part of JUNO, with his might;
He sure had C-LL-Y in his eye;
For nature is, in all the part,
Deck'd out with matchless skill and art,
Tho' in burlesqued poetry.

True it is, the bard was never
Half so nat'ral or so clever,
If he the part for C-AT-LY drew;
For he with judgment has prefix'd,
Her artful and her vulgar tricks,
And form'd her wond'rous just and true.

* O'Hara.

K 2

VERSES

V E R S E S

On the death of Mr. Mossop, the celebrated tragedian.

MOSSOP farewell, my honest friend, adieu!
 No more is heard the piercing voice of you;
 But all is hush'd—the muses 'gin to weep,
 And, for a time, thou'rt only gone to sleep;
 'Till call'd upon by the Supreme above,
 (That God of mercy and eternal love)
 Ah! then thy awful trial thou must take,
 And of thy sins a just confession make;
 Then wilt thou know thy everlasting fate,
 Whether a happy or a wretched state.
 But O! my friend, my constant wish is this,
 That thou may ever find “Eternal bliss.”



E P I T A P H

On a favourite young Lady, lately deceased.

Intended to be engraved on her monument.

SOFT as the balm when gentle Zephyr blows,
Fair as the morn, and fragrant as the rose;
Lovely as crystal or the noon-tide ray,
Sweeter than th' lilly or the new mown hay;
Matchless in wisdom, excellent in skill,
"Sense most refin'd, and wit at her own will."
Ever most glad her willing voice to raise
To sound her blest, her dear Redeemer's praise.
From ev'ry ill her spotless soul was free,
Lov'd by all friends, but most ador'd by me.
Such were the charms of this angelic maid,
'Till call'd by grace to her e'erlasting shade.

W. H.

From heartfelt love shall flow a grateful tear,
O! beauteous maid I'll e'er weep o'er thy bier.

E P I-

E P I T A P H

On a late Attorney of the Middle-Temple.

HERE lies JOHN SC-TT,
 As great a sot
 As most, when he was living;
 "And what is worse,
 "Ah! that's the curse," *
 He got his bread by thieving.

He us'd to write,
 Both day and night,
 To pocket people's treasure.
 He was so sad,
 So mortal bad,
 His crimes were out of measure.

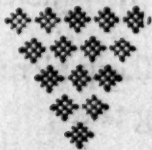
* For these lines see "The Sandman, a Cantata."

E P I T A P H

On a poor poet.

IF you would know it,
Here lies a poor poet,
Who in the regions us'd to dwell:
But now, alas!
'Tis come to pass,
He's fal'n from heaven down to hell.

Yet he may be
From torment free,
(Tho' that's a thing I really doubt)
For he, poor wit,
His brain had split
In finding of the devil out.



A R E B U S.

MY anxious soul once lov'd a maid,
 I thought most charming fair;
 Tho' she, alas! ne'er gave me aid,
 But urg'd my pain and care.

Ah! cruel girl, thy name I'll tell,
 In justice to my smart,
 Which thou hast ever caus'd full well
 From thy ungen'rous heart.

Half of an herb begins her name,
 Esteem'd of perfect use;
 Ev'ry one of physical fame
 It's virtues can produce.

Two sixths of an instructing book,
 When it's judicious wrote,
 And if in it you chance to look,
 A science you may quote.

Three fifths of a sharp piercing wind,
 A human being take;
 Add all these together, you'll find
 The fair one's name they'll make.

THE

SOLUTION of the foregoing REBUS,

By an unknown hand.

BETONY's a plant this country produces,
 And greatly esteem'd for it's physical uses;
 When books are complete they're call'd a system,
 (If I meet with any I seldom miss them)
 The north wind is most cutting sharp and keen,
 The human being man is plainly seen;
 So it's BETSY NORMAN, 'thout any doubt,
 You have so much anxiety about.
 Now, Mr. HAWKINS, let a friend advise,
 (If she your care and love doth still despise)
 Regard her as little as she does you,
 And query, Sir, if that won't bring her to.



L VERSES

V E R S E S

*Received from a genius in the country, (with whom I had
some private pique) on perusing my works in manuscript.*

MY sweet BILLY HAWKIN,
What argufies talking,
The grammar you put in a fright;
Your own dear conceit
To you may be sweet,
To me 'tis an antidote quite.

My A N S W E R.

MY sweet pretty doctor of Malling* fair town,
Thou art surely stark mad or a simpleton
grown;
For no man in his senses could ever have writ
Such bombastical nonsense, had he the least wit;
But thy poetry, I doubt, has cracked thy brain,
And made thee, alas! like thy patients, insane;
Or MIDAS's fate has again come to pass,
And thou, my dear doctor, art turn'd to an ass.

Pray send me no more such illiterate stuff,
For I think you have made yourself foolish enough.

* The person here alluded to, living at Town-Malling, in Kent, and by profession a surgeon, in which art he is very eminent for curing insanity, and not a bad writer in the poetical way.

L I N E S

L I N E S

Sent with a present to a friend.

THIS trifle accept, (as a favour I ask it)
But pray don't forget to send back the
basket *.

* The present being two chickens, sent in a basket belonging to an acquaintance.

*On seeing a young Lady that was prodigiouſly vain and
affected.*

AH! why ſo vain? tho' blooming in thy ſpring,
Thou falſe ador'd and truly wretched thing;
Old age will come, diſeaſe may come before,
For you're as mortal now as if threeſcore.

L 2

H O P S.

H O P S,

A SONG, for the year M DCC LXXVI.

Addressed to the farmers of Kent.

Tune, As I was a driving my waggon one day.

I.

YE farmers of Kent, who are jolly and gay,
Come listen a while, and pray mind what I say
May this season be crowned with plentiful crops,
And off of an acre a load of good hops.

Geho dobbin, &c.

II.

Oh! may they prove fine too—and fetch a great price,
That ye, my brave boys, may get rich in a trice;
For as ye are ever both hearty and free,
Success to ye all for to fill ye with glee.

Geho dobbin, &c.

To

III.

To crown your repast in the hoping this year,
 I wish that the weather may be fine and clear;
 For when it is wet, it is wretched and sad,
 From morning till night in a hop ground to pad.
 Oh! sad hoping! &c.

IV.

Then to see th' poor hoppers, alas! what a sight,
 'Tis enough t' put modesty into a fright;
 For they are so draggl'd and wet to the skin,
 And shew all for nothing, their cloathing's so thin.
 Oh! poor creatures! &c.

V.

In case of this weather let there be no flaw,
 Take care to provide them with plenty of straw*,
 That when the poor wretches retire to their nest,
 They may lie in comfort, and all take their rest.

Oh! poor hoppers! &c.

IV.

But above all that's said, pray don't cheat the king,
 For if you do that, it is sure a sad thing,
 As he'll have his duty by hook or by crook!
 Beware, oh! beware, lest you're in the black book.

Oh! sad doings! &c.

* The hoppers, during the season, mostly lie upon straw, in barns, &c. which the farmers provide for them.

VII.

Tho' ye have more honor, at least so I trust,
 (I'd have ye be always quite upright and just)
 For honor and honesty carries the sway,
 Then from these great maxims ne'er venture to stray
 Oh! rare hoping! &c.

•• As the above song was wrote at a very short notice (and entirely to oblige a few gentlemen farmers in Kent) it is hoped the critical reader will excuse the badness of the poetry, and attribute it to hurry and the sing-song measure it is wrote in.



POETICAL STRICTURES

AND

N O T E S,

ON MOST OF THE

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS

BELONGING TO THE

T H E A T R E S - R O Y A L,

I N

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

STANDARD

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POETICAL STRICTURES, &c.

Natis comæda est ——— Juv. Sat. iii. ver. 100.

On Mr. GARRICK,

Before he left the stage.

THE tragic muse her lawrel crown bestows,
To fix it blooming on her GARRICK's brows;
The comic muse her mask has made his own,
And SHAKESPEARE lives, whilst lives his darling son.

M

On

On Mr. B A R R Y.

BARRY once blest with person to excel,
In vain my muse thy merit spares to tell.
IERNE's boast, the stage's second pride;
The plaintive virtues in thy breast reside.



On Mrs. B A R R Y.

O! BARRY, when my muse but thinks on thee,
She thinks of merit, grace and tragedy,



On Mrs. H E A R T L E Y.

IF to her share some female errors fall,
“Look in her face—and you'll forgive
them all.”

On

On Mr. ROSS,

GIVE Ross his partridge—give him too his
claret*,
Ross will act well—but better if you bar it.

* Mr. Ross being passionately fond of what is here alluded to, but rather to excess, which I am apt to think is the cause of that mountain of flesh he is so much encumbered with.

N. B. He has left the London stage, and is now performing at Edinburgh.



On Mr. SMITH.

SMITH is at once the manly and genteel,
Feels all himself---would he but teach to feel†.

† This gentleman has too much levity in his manner of playing and wants expression.

On Mrs. Y A T E S.

YATES is posselt of ev'ry charm to please,
Majesty, grace, gentility and ease.



On Miss Y O U N G E.

YOUNGE, if to true perfection you'd aspire,
Give nature freedom, and we must admire,



On Mr. K I N G.

WHEN lively sense, and fancy ever new,
The path dramatic with their posies strew,
Their sweet effluvia to our senses bring,
Their lavish essence——by their envoy, KING*.

* Mr. King being often extolled by the critics.

On Mr. WOODWARD.

WOODWARD for farce and pantomime*
renown'd,
With wreathes of praise by ev'ry hand is crown'd.

* Mr. Woodward used formerly to exhibit the part of Harlequin in pantomimes, and has compos'd some of this species of entertainment himself, viz. Harlequin Fortunatus, Harlequin Doctor Faustus and Queen Mabb. See Theatrical Biography.



On Mrs. ABINGTON.

GRACE in her steps, in ev'ry motion love,
She looks a being from the realms above.

On

On Mrs. MATTOCKS.

MADE to engage all eyes, and win all hearts,
We'll name her queen of Cytherean darts,



On Mr. REDDISH.

REDDISH forbear thyself to over-rate *,
And let not vanity contaminate.

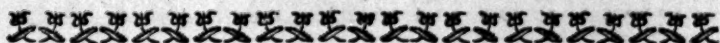
* This actor being very ambitious, by pronouncing himself second to none but Mr. Garrick, as a theatrical performer, when it is too evident he is many degrees inferior to Messrs. Barry, Ross, &c.



On Mr. AICKIN.

AICKIN was form'd by judgment and by use *,
Which seldom fail some merit to produce.

* Mr. Aickin is a very decent and useful performer, but
no ways capital.



On Miss MACKLIN.

THALIA's darling child in MACKLIN see,
She looks---she is---the maid for comedy.



On Mrs. BULKLEY.

TERPSICHORE to BULKLEY gave the part†,
By graceful motion to attract the heart.

† This lady was formerly a dancer.

On

On Mr. S H U T E R.

SHUTER—sweet laughter's child—what
humour's thine!
From thee impetuous flows each comic line.



On Mr. Y A T E S.

THIS actor's wife I've frequently heard tell,
That on the stage he plays the *Miser** well;
But when at home, she justly has decreed,
That he's a miser to a truth indeed.

* Old Lovegold, in Mr. Fielding's celebrated comedy of this name, a part Mr. Yates is eminent in, but is too apt to forget himself from the stage, and (as his wife very justly observes) plays it with wonderful precision at home.

On Mr. MOODY.

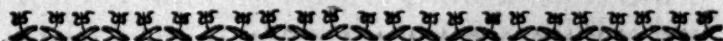
MOODY, to thee, what height of mirth we
owe,
What high burlesque—and mimicry that's low.



On Miss POPE.

HER lively fancy can the stoic draw,
In peals of laughter to confess her law.

††† This actress (at present) has quitted the London stage.



On Mrs. BADDELEY.

THY conduct BADD'LEY, was it like thy face,
In virtue's path 'twould claim the foremost
place.

L

On

On Mr. D * D D.

D*DD, play the coxcomb, the affected beau!
But in thy conduct be not really so *.

* This gentleman being as contemptible a coxcomb in private life, as he is excellent in the representation of himself upon the stage,



On Mr. P A R S O N S.

PARSONS, well skill'd attention to engage,
Tho' young, supports each requisite of age.



On Mrs. G R E E N.

GAY comedy to GREEN descends in smiles,
And wins applause thro' all her little wiles.

On

On Miss BARSANTI.

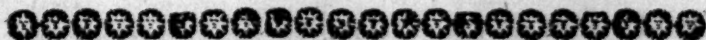
IN Miss BARSANTI each improving grace
Glow's rip'ning from her bosom to her face.



On Mr. LEWIS.

LEWIS, the space between a laugh and cry,
Look in your mirror, and for once descry,
Then shall I give you all your merit's praise;
Perhaps you'll shine in future—better lays.

††† Mr. Lewis is pretty equal both in tragedy and comedy,
but his abilities want cultivating.



On Mr. BENSLEY.

BENSLEY's no actor——match him if you can
Ye greatest actors——he's a worthy man*.

* This performer bears a very amiable character in private life.

On Mr. BADDELEY.

SMILES comedy by ev'ry feature won,
And owns that BADDELEY's her real son.



On Mrs. HUNTER.

WHO can the sweetly plaintive HUNTER *
hear,
And not emit the sympathetic tear.

* This lady's real name is Hunt, but for reasons best known to herself, she has been pleased (since she came upon the stage) to change it to that of Hunter, a circumstance very common among theatrical performers, especially those who are not willing to disgrace their family by their profession.

On

On Mr. CLARKE.

DOES CLARKE rough honesty in play present?
No---CLARKE is really in his heart a KENT*.

* Kent in King Lear, a character which, in some measure, corresponds with Mr. Clarke's disposition, being a man of a friendly turn of mind, just in his principles, literally respected, and has no inconsiderable share of merit as an actor, particularly in the rough honest paths of tragedy, such as Henry the Eighth, Sciolto, Clytus, &c.



On Mr. PALMER.

PALMER with caution act your part, and try
To win our praises and to fix our eye.

On

On Miss CATLEY.

THE sportive loves, without the least disguise,
Appear unsham'd in CATLEY's wanton eyes.

†† Miss Catley is now performing in Ireland.



On Mrs. SMITH.

WHEN SMITH pours forth her sweetest se-
renade,
She rivals Daulia in the vernal shade.



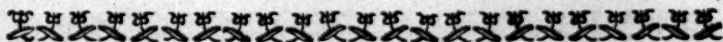
On Mr. VERNON.

MUSIC held judgment, nature held a voice,
Of music's present VERNON made his choice.

On

On Mr. MATTOCKS.

TO charm us MATTOCKS borrows from the
spheres,
His mein how sweet---his voice delights our ears.



On Mr. QUICK.

HUMOUR and wit from QUICK doth daily rise,
To please at once our ears, our hearts and
eyes.



On Mr. LOVE.

Before his decease.

FOR Falstaff, Jaques, for Belch or Caliban,
LOVE is the monster, if you please---the man.
On

On the DEATH of Mr. DYER.

DYER I weep for thy departed shade,
For wept each muse when thy last debt was
paid.



On the GENTLE Mr. C—TH—LEY.

OF C—TH—LEY if aught the muse should say,
For scribbling's sake she must advance the lay;
Tho' she avows, and faith it is no pun,
That she'll ne'er notice such a bastard son.

††† Where this gentleman is at present I cannot pretend to
say, but O! dearest me! he has left the London stage for these
two seasons past.



SONG.

S O N G.

*Addressed to the Critical Reviewers on my publishing a
certain pamphlet.*

I.

MY worthy good critics attend to my lay,
And hear what a juvenile bard has to say;
Tho' perhaps you'll be nettl'd at what I fet down,
Since the song that I sing is about the Half-crown*.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

II.

Some little time since you attacked me fore,
For writing of prose, but I'll never write more;
Then take this poetical brat, and ne'er frown,
Altho' I forgot---for to send the Half-crown.

Derry down, &c.

* This being (I am informed) their customary fee.

III.

This Half-crown I speak of you surely must know,
 'Tis only been standing a twelvemonth, I trow †;
 Yet rigid was you, by my faith, I must own,
 And all on account of the wonted Half-crown.

Derry down, &c.

IV.

"How could such a noodle," ye cry'd, "dare to
 "write,
 "He's sure an impostor---a plagiarist quite,
 "Then him we'll e'er blast to all fame and renown,
 "For see---the poor devil's forgot the Half-crown."

Derry down, &c.

V.

But now honest critics, come, let us be friends,
 Extol but this pamphlet, I'll make you amends;
 For if, by your praises, the work should go down,
 I swear, by the muses, I'll send you a crown.

Derry down, &c.

† When the book was published.

IV.

And now, my kind readers, you plainly may see,
That critics, like courtiers, expect a small fee;
In short these extortions so common are grown,
That all want a fee, from the prince to the clown.

Derry down, &c.

•• The readers are desired to observe, that some hints of the above have been taken from a song, wrote a few years ago, by a friend, on much the same plan, and is to be found amongst a collection of poems, entitled, "The Lawrel Wreath."



Down down, do.



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